Thrilling Stories of Adventure where

SOME HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES. Old Hunters' Yarns of Bears, Wolves,

Good Stories of Adventures with Panthers

moological gardens I have seen 300 people shiver at the cry of a panther, and instinctively erowd for the doorways. Of all the beasts of the forest the panther's cry has the greatest terror for a human being. The lion's roar or the tiger's growl may mean blood, but they do not take the nerve from a man like that longdrawn scream ringing out in the darkness, for all the world like the voice of a woman or child uttering a death shriek. If it so affects a person who can see that the animal is caged, what must be the effect on a woman in the windowless cabin of the pioneer, on a boy lost in the dense forest, on the hunter suddenly awakened from his sleep at the camp fire?

the wilds of northern Wisconsin. He had found men untruthful and ungrateful, and in his disgust he dragged his family so far into the wilderness that we were buried alive. It was worse than that. We were exposed to privation, sickness, and bodily peril, and those who died welcomed death as a relief. The woods were alive with game and with feroclous wild beasts. From the door of our rude shant; I have counted nine deer feeding on the buds of a basswood just cut down, and one day an old bear and his mate and two cubs walked up hour, and our first enemy was a great wildent. which attempted to come down the chimney. though a fire blazed on the hearth.

though not strong enough to help much in the heavy work of clearing. As all furs could be disposed of for cash, and as there was a bounty on the scalps of dangerous wild beasts. I was permitted to go ahead in my own way. We had brought four large steel traps with us. and had an old flint-lock musket and ammunition. This gun was so heavy that I could hardly carry it, and I had to rest it on a log or limb and sight it like a piece of artillery; but in the first week of October I killed five deer with it within four hundred feet of our shanty.

looked like, but I found out after killing the and we were cutting up the carcass, when three great gaunt wolves came out of a thicket and advanced upon us so menacingly that we at once retreated. Mother ran to the house, but I dropped back about fifty feet and sat down on a log to watch the beasts. They fell to and began tearing at the meat in a ravenous manner, but had not been there above two minutes when an unearthly shrick brought me to my feet, and a yellowish object dropped off a great limb directly over the wolves. One wolf was killed instanter, while a second crawled away with mournful howls. The third almost

ran over me in his haste and terror.

It was a large male panther which had dropped down upon them. Whether the beast ning the deer, or whether he came up with the ward told mo that he was probably there all spring by there being two of us, and by the fact that mother was smoking a pipe and puffing away in a vigorous manner

carcass, and took a long look at me. There was a wicked light in his big yellow eyes, his The panther stood with his fore paws on the lip hung down and uncovered his fangs, and I chilled and shivered as if the weather had been midwinter. By and by, with a growl which seemed to say, "Young man. I'll attend to you later on!" the panther turned and sneaked into the thicket, while I made a break for the house.

Toward night father helped me set the four traps around the carcass. Each one was secured to a tree by its stout chain, and we had just got through when we came upon the wolf which had crawled away. Its back was broken so that it was compelled to drag itself along, and we easily despatched it. We got the scalp of the other, and the two meant \$6 bounty. The one killed by the panther was terribly mutilated. I picked up a piece of bloody flesh where it had been thrown by the claws of the panther fully flity feet away. We felt pretty sure that the big cat would re-

turn after dark, and either feed upon or carry off the carcass, and I lay awake until almost midnight, hoping to get an alarm. It did not come until an hour before daylight. It was a still, frosty morning, and all of a sudden there It was yet ringing in our ears when it was folanother animal. Then for fifteen minutes there was such an uproar as almost frightened mother into fainting away, and caused father to turn caught two panthers in the traps, but as much

as white as death. Ho said we must have caught two panthers in the trars, but as much as we longed to know we did not show a nose out doors until broad daylight. Then we discovered that his surmise was true. Fast in the traps were two full-grown panthers, and playing about them was a kitten panther about as large as a tomea.

The moment we approached the traps debeats reared up, shrieked with rage, and filled the air with leaves and dir! as they sought to clear themselves of the traps. The male had his right foreleg firmly caught, the laws meeting almost at his body, and the fonale was caught at the joint of the right hind leg. They were fast and firm. A lion could not have broken away from that grip, and the chains were stout enough to hold a horse.

Father brought down the gun and shot both the beasts, and then we sought to capture the kitten. I got hold of it, but the vicious little thing bit and clawed me severely, and finally got away by climbing a tree. I twas plain enough that the two old ones had approached the careass togother. When the male stepped into the trap and shrieked out, the female isased over the careass and struck one of the other traps with her hind foot. The two scalps meant \$20 bounty, ard though we lost the deer meat, we got a pretty big price for it.

Half a mile from the shanry was a tamarack swamp, and this was the readezvots of a large number of panthers. The last one was killed after the county had been thickly settled and contained seven villages. At the time I write of there might have been a hundred there. There was never a night for two years that we did not hear them call.

One evening about two weeks after we killed the two panthers I started out with a large tin pall to go to the spring, which was about iwenty rods sway. and approached by a path through the woods and approached by a path through the wood way in the pall to go to the spring, which was about of my boots I should have performed the feat. Next instant I was so weak that I came near falling, and my whole body fel

BCHOES FROM THE WOODS

Thrilling Stories of Adventure where

Big Game Abounda.

SOME HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES.

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NOTHING BUT CUBS.

The Amusing Experience of Two Dudes in

the Pocono Mountains. CANADENSIS, Oct. 13 .- Word came into this village yesterday that a big bear had been fooling around old Jim Felthan's house, and that he wanted the Price boys to come up there and then his guns hadn't been fired off in so many years that he was afraid the pesky things would kick his shoulder out of joint.

Jim lives six miles east of here, in a part of

the country known as "The Barrens." It is aptly named, for a more desolate spot it would be hard to find. The nearest house to him is about five miles away, and save for about fifty acres of land which he had cleared himself the country is a wilderness. The Pocono Mountains wind around his place, shutting it off, and no stranger is ever seen there except now and then a rash city man who is found prowling about in search of deer in the trout season. Miit and West Price are hunters and fishermen who keep open house during nine months giants, who are always doing something for their neighbors. They promised to root bruin out, and so Milt hooked up his old gray horse, and calling to two dudes who were after a little hunting invited them to come along. The dudes put on their velvet leggings and yellow shoes, donned their blazers and, with their Winchesters slung on their backs, and with

shoes, donned their blazers, and, with their Winchesters slung on their backs, and with hunting knives thrust in their belts, climbed into the buckboard and started off, amid the cheers of the ninety-two cersons who make this place worthy of a name.

The chief characteristic of the country about hore is its wealth of stones and its many hills. No matter where you go there is always a hill to climb, and the driver at the bottom of every hill caimly informs you that that is the last. By dint of pulling upon the reins and frequent application of a club on the back of the old horse, the six miles were covered in something over two hours. Jim met the hunters and gave them hearty welcome. After an hour's conversation regarding the chances of corn reaching the expectations of the farmers, the subject of bear was cautiously broached, and Jim agreed to produce the signs.

He led the hunters to a cattle shed a stone's throw from the house, and pointed out indentations in the soil, which he said were bear tracks. Then he scrambled into a heavy piece of underbrush, and in a stagger of a bundred yards showed where a number of large stones had been turned over.

"That bar kem here hungry," he explained, "an' et as he kem slong. He found some ants, but not enough to fill up, so he meanders to the shod, and thar he lies 'ur cattle. You fellers roust him cout an Til send ye hum with a corkin meal, warmin' up yer insides."

Then he dashed into the barrens, with the

roust him cout an' I'll send ye hum with a corkin meal. warmin' up yer insides."

If that bar is here," said Milt Price, "he's my meat."

Then he dashed into the barrens, with the amateurs racing like mad after him. In previous hunting tours they had sat down when a hard piece of ground was reached, and cheerfully rested themselves while they waited for something to come along and be shot. On the present occasion they agreed that bears were usly customers, and that they couldn't be too thick when the bear showed up. It was mighty hard work tumbling through the thick bush, with here and there a clump of briers which to their clothes and scratched their faces and work brought them to a huge pine tree that had been torn up by the roots during not be some severe storm. The big roots kept the trunk of the tree raised about five feet above the ground, and clambering upon this, the hunters got a fair view of the surrounding down several hundred feet. Beyond this was the range of the Pocono, while a lew hundred feet to the richt was a huge rock. On the side of the rock lacing the hunters was a crevice that began at the ground and reached up for a snace of about two feet. That it ran back into the rock was clear, for the back of it could not be seen from where the hunters sat.

"Were you ever treed by a bear?" asked one of the dudes of Milt, in hopes that the question would result in an exciting story.

"You'll be treed by a bear pretty dern soon if you don't keep your eyes skinned," said Milt, for I'm going to fire a load of buckshot into that there hole in the rock. It it doesn't bring out a bear then eigns als't wuth nothing, that's all.

Milt raised his old gun and blazed away, but there was no disturbance about the rock. The disturbance came from the bush directly under the trunk of the tree where the hunters ast. There was a growl, and then the round, plump body of a six-months-old beown bear through the brush.

The disturbance came from the bush directly under the brush.

Things have changed since I was a young minimal alter was a levolutioner and a deformation and I have a laways been a Domocratic Sociator of Freeident, and I rome the translation of the Providence of the Sociator of Freeident, and I rome the well as I do the one I cast lour years and. I voted for Gen. Jackson, and I have a laways felt proud of it. He was a grand, goo! man, and I would got him again in 1832. I wasn't quite the proud of it. He was a grand, goo! man, and I would got him again in 1832. I wasn't quite the proud of the pr

THE SUN. SUNDAY. OCTOBER 14. ISSN—TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.

THE SUN SUNDAY. OCTOBER 14. ISS

the though what I would do if I should see a liver was keepes the root halt a dozen rote of have any gun. I should left the best dot about the business, as he would be early or about a great the seed of the property of the seed of the cordingly, the 'Squire thought it would do no harm to set a watch over his pasture and keep it there until the arrival of the time when bears sneeumb to boreal surroundings and hole up.

A young son of the 'Squire's was assigned to the task of keening an eve on the lold, with instructions to destroy with a shotgun charged with buckshot any audacious bear that might endeavor to select from that fold material for his dinner. Subsequent proceedings indicated that if young Mr. Morely had entertained the slightest idea that there was even a remote chance of a bear appearing in the pasture he would have cheerinily acquiresced in the selection of some other guard for the ancestral flock.

The young shepherd had stood guard at the pasture for a week, and no bear appeared. Consequently he uttered no complaint against the job. On Saturday last he was sleepily reclining at the foot of a stone wall that surrounds the fleid, when he suddenly became wide awake. He saw a good-sized bear jump over the fence not far away from him and slouch deliberately toward where a group of sheep were grazing. Squire Morley was at work in a field not more than 300 yards away. The young shepherd, ignoring the gun that lay by his side, cleared the wall at a bound and sped to give the airm to his father, showing lustily at every jump and at the top of his voice:

"Bears | bears | bears |"
Squire Morley heard the cries long before the guard of the fold reached him and hurried to the rescue of his flock. When he reached the pasture wall the group of sheep had discovered the presence of the bear and had fled bleating in fright to the farther side of the field—all of them except the head of the fold, the merino ram. He stood his ground and eyed bruin threateningly. The hear evidently did not want a tough old rate for his dinner, and was passing on by him to select a more tookhome mores! from the flock, when the ram shot forward like the missile from a catapuit. He becked the bear amidalips. and bruin went dewn before the force of the blow as if it

presence constantly.

Mr. Jackson busied himself watching the woives and leading the fire, which, until now, had not lacked fuel. But oh, herror! At about 2 o'chock in the morning, the darkest part of the night, he saw that the fire was growing low and that the emboldened wo'ves were pressing closer and closer in upon sim as the circle of light grew smaller. He had no more wood. Every twig and cone wildin reach had been heaped upon the fire.

Now there was almost nothing but embers left, and he could see the hungry wolves glaring at him not six yards away. With gun in hand he stood to fight and sell his life dearly as soon as they attacked him. His heart beat like a sledgehammer we he watched the nearest wolf, expecting every moment that the huge gray monster would siring at him.

Just as he thought the beast was about to make the leaps colsmn of flame shot suddenly up into the air, sending its sparks twenty feet high and acattering the howling wolves. They scampered back in evident terror. A pitch-soaked roof near the base of the tree had ignited from 100 flame shring the howling wolves. They scampered back in evident terror. A pitch-soaked roof near the base of the tree had ignited from 200 flare, and soon the monater trunk, which was coated with resin on that side, was in a wize, "Saved' saved!" thought Jackson, as he noted the welcome blaze and saw the cowardly wolves shrink away from the firs. The imperilled man thanked Providence for the timely interference, and felt now for the first time absolutely secure as be stood in the light of the biazing tree. Soon daylight appeared, the wolves slunk back to their done, and the sax to their done, and the sax of the feel and soon, when he met a party sen out to search for him, and was eacely conducted back to camp. He has had enough of camping sione in the mountains.

LUM WILLIAMS'S FEAT.

A West Virginia Hunter who Whipped his

Weight in Wildcats.
From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

wors as sort liter on Exquire, that a settly had wat i, k'd do to help om out o' their variants of the common than the common

here, happened to come along, and brought me to his house.

"I have had many close fights in my time with bears, panthers, and wildcats in these mountains, but this one was the closest call I ever had, and it was all owing to the fact that I neglected to take a knife or pistol with me."

UNCLE IKE AND THE BEAR.

A Rock-Bottom Fact Story of a Freshet Down in Georgia.

Bown in Georgia.

From the Savannah News.

"Speaking 'bout bahs," broke in another,
"you nevah hearn tell of my Uncle lke a tellin
of a story that wan't rock-bottom fack. He
wuz in the Har'son fresh, and got out cypress
evah og Bah Crick when the fresh it come.
What he didn't know about bahs the bahs
didn't know themselves. He could tell whah
the biggest bahs used by the mawks on the
trees, and the young bahs by the little mawka
Lohd, wouldn't this fresh 've knocked him all
out of jint. He thought that was a big flood,
and he usend to tell us boys. Pehaw, you
young bucks don't know when thar's a big
fise in the rivah. You oughten for to
have seen the Har'son fresh. But that
ath't comin'to my Uncle lke's bah story. My
Uncle lke, he was a cuitin' of cypress ovah on
Bah Crick and his shanty was 'son a high
knoll, and the watah had kivered everthing in
two States, 'cepting that knoll. One night
along about the turn of the night thar come a
knock on the doh and my Uncle lke see.' Come
in.' and who should step in but a big black
bah. A ight was blazin' from a blac knot in
the chimley, and Uncle ike riz up in bed to see
who mout come in on him, and thar was the
bah, and the teahs was runnin' down his eyes.
My Uncle lke was about to rech for his gon,
but when he seed the teahs streamin' down he
hadn't the heart to shoot, and the 'pealin' look
was too much for Uncle lke.
"Drownded out, by thundah,' said my Uncle
ike.
"The bah nodded his head.

"The bah nodded his head.
"The bah nodded his head.
"Hungry as a bah, too, sold my Uncle Ike.
"The bah nodded his head.
"An' you'd as soon lunch on me, said my Uncle ike; and this time he rech for his shooting in the said had been to be soon to be said because of the said had been to be said because of the said had been to be said because of the said because of th

"The bah nodded his head.

"An' you'd as soon lunch on me'said my Uncle lke; and this time he rech for his shoot in' iron.

"The bah shook his head and began to cry.

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"The bah shook his head and began to cry.

"The bah said my Uncle lke. I' he snakes me out. Thar's a pot of hominy ovah by the jam's says my Uncle Ike to the bah; help yoursel.'

"The bah went over and took the clapboahds off the rot and went down in it with his nose and eat half of the mess.

"Go the whole heg.' says my Uncle Ike.

'I'll have another ness inside of it in the maunin if I ain't inside of you.

"Well, said, gentlemans, my Uncle Ike says the bah eat the whole mess, and laid down on the puncheons by the side of the bunk, with a grunt. The next mawnin' the wa'nh was lappin' the doh stepand was on a stand, and for foh days the bah and my Uncle lke et outen the same pot. On the lift day the bah left early in the maynin', and that night, a little aftah the moor riz, while my Uncle Ike was setting by the firelight smokin' his cohneolopipe and worderin' what had become of his cypress rait and the bah, thar comes the same rap at the did and who should come in but the dentektity bar, not a teah in his eyes, but his leetle black eyes shone like a bend, and he lays down'a whole hog right by the side of my Uncle Ike.

"Hog and hominy, by thunder!" says my Uncle Ike.
"Hog and hominy by thunder!" says my Uncle Ike.
"Hog and hominy that he bah ken' my Uncle Ike in box and hominy until he took the raft down the Savannah."

"The somewhat of a liar myself," said one genteman, "but I'll not tell my alligator story on the trip," and the disgusted native bid us good night.
"Now, thar's a man admittin' he's a liar himself," said the man who to'd the bear story, and everybody who knew my Uncle Ike man who to'd the bear story.

"A BALL OF SQUIRBING SNAKES.

A BALL OF SQUIRMING SNAKES.

And the Whole Lot Obedient to the Command of a Little Green Fellow.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal Thaddeus Drummond, who resides near Blue Lick, Ind., while at the old settlers' meeting at Charlestown Thursday, related a snake story which he chaims to be true. On account of his known reputation for veracity, the story is credited by many of Drummond's trienis.

Near Drummond's bome is a small cavern extending these life of the story is credited by many of Drummond's trienis. story which he claims to be true. On account of his known reputation for veracity, the story is credited by many of Drummond's irlends.

Near Drummond's home is a small cavern extending back into a hill several feet, and bounded on all sides by rock. It faces to the south, and on account of the hill protecting it from the north winds it is considerably warmer upon the inside of the opening than upon the outside. Among the other earthly possessions of Drummond was a woll-crossed dog, sent him by a friend in Kansas. The animal was very savage, and until last Monday was never known to show fear to any living creature. On the day mentioned Drummond started to a woods near by for the pur pose of gathering wild grapes. The dog went with him, and while passing through a brier field scared up a rabbit. A hot chase followed, which ended in the little animal darting into the cavern, followed by the dog. The latter came out in less than a minute, shivering with fright, and, after going round in a circle for a short time, took a course due west, as last as he could possibly run, and has never been heard of since, Drummond being under the impression that he never stopped until he reached his former home in Kansas.

Drummond by this time had reached a point near the opening of the hole, and a strange noise similar to the buzzing of a swarm of bees, accombanied by a peculiar ratiling, fell on his ears, coming from the hole the rabbit had gone into. Peering into the recess, a sight met his eyes which aimost froze the blood in his veins. Hi-sing and sourming, knotted into a ball about the size of a flour harrel, was one great mass of snakes of all sorts and sizes, that habitate that part of the country. In the embrace of the conglomeration was the lifeless body of the little rabbit. The animal to escape one death had run into another more borrible. The sight had a strange fascination for Drummond, and he was held spoil bound viewing their movements. He says that the reptiles upon their mettle, and then place a few years before,

A Snake that Could Whistle "Bob White."

A Snake that Could Whistle "Bob White."

From the St. touts Globe Democrat.

In Montana on Sunday a snake was discovered which could imitate the whistle of the "Bob White" with ease. While it was under surveillance it crouched in the long prairie grass and emitted the call as plainy as any partridge could. Continuing the effort, it soon heard an answer, and a moment later a young partridge alighted almost at its mouth. Quick as a flash it sprang upon its victim; there was a momentary flutter of wings, a stray feather or two, and then the snake remained master of the field. To those who doubt this story the prairie is still shown as proof.

Campaign

Excitement combined with the effects of unfavorable weather, or changing season, is very liable to bring on needed to give tone and strength to the whole organism. Hood's Sarsaparitia is peculiarly adapted to serve this purpose. It rouses the torpid kidneys and liver, creates a good appetite tones the digestive organs purifies and visities the blood cures sick headachs, and overcomes all the prestrating effects of that tired feeling.

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not be induced to bur any other.

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